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The Price is \$2.50  
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Lots in and around the city.

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**WALL PAPER.**  
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**Blanks, Press Decorations, Center Pieces,**  
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For Sale.

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**OLD BUILDING FOR SALE.**  
SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RE-  
ceived at the office of the Secretary, for  
sixty days from date (February 10, 1872), for  
the purchase of the two-story brick building  
on the northeast corner of Madison and  
Second streets, 3250 feet. The same must be  
removed within thirty days from date of pur-  
chase, or when ordered by the Directors.  
Terms cash, or approved sixty days note.  
The Directors reserve the right to reject any  
or all bids.  
By order of the Directors,  
H. H. HIGGINS, President,  
A. J. WHEELER, Secretary.

**PUBLICATION.**  
**NO PAPER IN MEMPHIS IS BETTER**  
than the one published by the Western  
Union, having within its limits the  
most complete commercial center of  
the South, and of all who may become interested.  
Justification advertising will pay. Our office is  
229½ Main street, up stairs, in same building  
with Boyce & Chapman.

**CHICKERING PIANOS ARE THE BEST—WERE AWARDED**

# PUBLIC LEDGER.

By E. WHITMORE. LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION. Fifteen Cents Per Week. NO. 11

**PUBLIC LEDGER.**  
THE PUBLIC LEDGER IS PUBLISHED  
every afternoon (except Sunday) by  
**E. WHITMORE,**  
At No. 13 Madison street.

The Public Ledger is served to city subscrib-  
ers by faithful carriers at 7½ cts. per copy.  
By mail (in advance): One year, \$5; six  
months, \$3; three months, \$1.50; one month,  
50 cts.  
Newsdealers supplied at 2½ cts. per copy.

**Weekly Public Ledger.**  
Published every Tuesday at \$2 per annum (in  
advance); clubs of five or more, \$1.50.  
Communications upon subjects of general  
interest to the public are at all times accept-  
able.  
Selected manuscripts will not be returned.

**RATES OF ADVERTISING IN DAILY.**  
First insertion.....\$1.00 per square.  
Subsequent insertions.....50 " "  
For one week.....4.00 " "  
For two weeks.....7.00 " "  
For three weeks.....9.00 " "  
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**RATES OF ADVERTISING IN WEEKLY.**  
First insertion.....\$1.00 per square.  
Subsequent insertions.....50 " "  
Eight lines of nonpareil, solid, constitute a  
square.

Displayed advertisements will be charged  
according to the space occupied, at above  
rates—there being twelve lines of solid type to  
the inch.

Notices in local column inserted for twenty  
cents per line for each insertion.  
To regular advertisers we offer superior in-  
ducements, both in rates of charges and  
manner of displaying their favors.

Special notices inserted for ten cents per line  
for each insertion.  
Notice of deaths and marriages, twenty  
cents per line.  
All bills for advertising are due when con-  
tracted and payable when the copy is  
delivered, unless otherwise specified or other-  
wise, must be addressed to:  
**E. WHITMORE,**  
Publisher and Proprietor.

**IN MARCH.**  
Welcome, sweet wind, you bring  
A soul of Spring  
From softer fragrant rose.  
That blow  
In some dear coming May, or half-forgotten  
Spring.

Welcome, sweet dream, you bear  
From wings of love—  
A dove,  
Flying with gentle bough from some far  
corner of life.

What though the sweet Wind knows  
A vanished rose,  
My dream the Past, alone,  
Has known—  
Bloom from my heart, sweet dream: climb  
From my dream, sweet rose.

**A PARDONED FELON.**  
Still More of S. Adams Lee's Ante-  
cedents.

A recent letter from a gentleman who  
resides in Washington, Pennsylvania, lets  
in some further light upon the ante-  
cedents of S. Adams Lee, the irresposi-  
ble "Confederate" swindler:

"S. Adams Lee was a son of Richard  
Henry Lee, Esq., who was a nephew of  
Richard Henry Lee, one of the signers  
of the Declaration of Independence. About  
the year 1836 Mr. Lee, the father of  
Samuel, was elected to a professorship  
in Washington (Penn.) College, and  
moved to this place from Eastern Vir-  
ginia at that time. The situation he  
held about twenty years, and was greatly  
beloved by all that knew him, and es-  
pecially by the students of the college. He  
was a fine scholar and a Christian  
gentleman.

"After his retirement from the college,  
he turned his attention to theology, and  
was elected pastor of the Protestant  
Episcopal church of this place, which  
position he held until his death in 1865.  
Samuel was a tall, thin man, and was  
to this place, and as he grew up his pro-  
pensity for stealing manifested itself.  
He was detected in a number of cases,  
but these were generally compromised  
through respect for his parents. When  
he was about seventeen years of age, he  
commenced to enlarge his operations by  
robbing the law office of Hon. F. M. T.  
McKenna of about \$200, for which of-  
fense he was tried, convicted, and sen-  
tenced to the penitentiary, at Allegheny,  
Pennsylvania. The night  
previous to being taken to the peniten-  
tiary, he made an attempt to escape  
from jail, and partially succeeded, by  
cutting through the wall. After getting  
into the yard, he procured a plank that  
reached nearly to the top of the wall on  
which to ascend, and while in the act of  
climbing the plank the jailer happened  
to go into the yard, and seeing Samuel  
at the top, unluckily kicked the plank  
from under him, letting him down very  
suddenly. Here is where he received the  
injury that finally cost him a leg,  
instead of having it shot off while on  
board the Merrimack. The injury sus-  
tained in this time continued to grow  
worse, and after a year or two his health  
seemed to be failing, on account of  
which pardon was procured for him.  
He returned to this place and lived in exile,  
his parents for several years here, since  
which we have not heard of him until  
we saw this notice in the Herald.

"He is a man of good education and  
address, and well calculated to deceive  
where his true character is unknown."

The fish that swallowed Jonah, or one  
that might have performed that remark-  
able feat, has been discovered off the  
coast of Brazil. He does not carry  
about with him any deed or memorandum  
attestifying his claim to be the origi-  
nal prophet-swallower, but he is the only  
monster of which any account has been  
given which could so have taken in the  
rebellious preacher to the Ninevites.

His body is over fifty feet long and seven  
feet in diameter, while the mouth, the  
most essential part of the creature, will  
admit of a person standing between the  
jaws or sitting comfortably in the cavity  
when they are closed. He is said to be  
neither shark nor whale.

An Atlanta (Georgia) correspondent  
tells this story: "The woman's rights  
act, giving the wife a cause of action  
against a party selling liquor or any-  
thing else to her husband while drunk,  
and allowing the proceeds of the fine to  
go to the wife, was passed by the last  
noticeable comment evoked by the pas-  
sage of the bill came from Whit And-  
erson, the courteous and popular mem-  
ber of the Senate. Now, said Whit,  
I can afford to get married, for my  
wife can easily support the family on  
the fines I will bring her."

**THAT HANDSOME HUMBAG.**  
BY LOTTIE BROWN.  
It was a sharp, cold night; a dreary,  
dull night, that sent in through the car-  
door with every opening a chilly, search-  
ing, cutting blast, that made the tired  
travelers curl up closer in their wraps  
and wish with more impatience and dis-  
content that they were at home, or  
somewhere where there was warm fires  
and comfortable couches.

There was a great bundle rolled up in  
one seat, a big bundle of humanity it  
was, with a shawl of gorgeous colors  
tucked all about it; warm furs bundled  
up to the very throat, and a bright, gay-  
colored scarf wound all around the  
shapely head and face.

And beside all this, there was a portly  
portmanteau on the opposite seat; an-  
other shawl of white and scarlet, and a  
roll of papers and magazines. But  
there was a fretful, uncomfortable look  
in the bundle, in spite of all these luxu-  
rious accompaniments, and if anybody  
took the trouble to look at it they re-  
ceived the impression at once that it  
contained a deal of weariness and ner-  
vousness.

There had been many miles left be-  
hind, and everybody was getting out of  
spirits and sick at heart, when all at  
once, at a way station, the door was  
opened and a little crowd, all fresh and  
sparkling, came in with a deal of noise  
and bustle, and roared and turned back  
seats, and laid back bundles in the  
owners' laps with a freedom quite aston-  
ishing.

Two of the party—two drowsy, frow-  
n-creased girls—came up to the seat oc-  
cupied by the scarlet shawl, the portman-  
teau, and papers, and with only a glance  
at the living bundle opposite, laid the  
shawl back, the portmanteau and the  
bundle on the rack above, and turned  
the seat over with a crash.

There was a movement, and the great  
wraps fell away, and from beneath the  
tired velvet came a pair of sharp, rather  
indignant, black eyes flashed out. Then  
the rest of the face made its appearance,  
and showed round, fair cheeks, very pale  
and beautiful; a scornful little mouth;  
and a very saucy, well-modeled chin.

"Come, Mr. Ayer!" called the pret-  
tiest of the two girls, designating a fine-  
looking man who was standing a little  
way down, evidently in search of a seat.  
"Here's one, right behind us, come!"  
For a moment there was a movement  
on the part of the pale stranger as  
though he was about to spring up and  
seize that impertinent girl by the chin-  
strap, and demolish it; but then there  
was evidently a second, and more con-  
siderate thought, and he settled back,  
saying through his set teeth:

"Such bold impudence!"  
"Is this seat engaged?"  
It was a very agreeable voice, and  
contained so much deference and calan-  
ess that she looked up with quite a de-  
gree of good nature, and answered:  
"No. Sit down."

He was very nice. He had fine eyes  
and a reddish-brown mustache, scrup-  
ulously brushed and daintily arranged.  
He wore a tall, shining hat, a light over-  
coat, and faultless linen; and one white  
hand, from which the kid glove had been  
removed, was elegantly jeweled with  
a big seal ring and a sparkling diamond.  
He gave one glance into the fair pa-  
trician face, then he lifted the wraps,  
which she had laid aside, and said:  
"I will put these out of your way, un-  
less you want to use them."  
"I thank you, I have no further use  
for them," she said.

"Your books?"  
"I have read them."

soft nonsense into her bewildered ears.  
When the first faint streaks of daylight  
began to tremble in the eastern horizon,  
Clara sat up, very tired, but very easy in  
her mind. There was a pleasant light  
in her eyes, a smile on her pretty lips,  
and a broad, plain gold hoop on her fin-  
ger, where the night before a great solit-  
aire diamond had gleamed.

The solitary diamond was glittering  
on one of the white fingers of her gallant  
companion. They had exchanged rings  
in a cousinly way.

There was a very bright fire in the  
long, coaly furnace, luxurious, and  
old-fashioned Boston parlor, in old Mrs.  
Marston's house, and two rosy girls were  
crocheting near the window, eagerly  
watching the street as far away as it  
could be seen.

"I should think it time for Clara,  
shouldn't you, Floy?"  
"Yes, and time for me, too. I hope  
he'll get some trace of the rascal."

"Depend upon it, he never will. To  
think of all our spoons and plate. Oh,  
Floy!"

And all the sweet letters you wrote  
to him: 'Oh, Nellie!'  
"Oh, Nellie!" said Floy, and the  
chubby dimpled cheeks reddened, and  
the chubby dimpled lips played a lively  
measure on the velvet carpet.

"Well, he is very handsome."  
There was a picture over the mantel,  
the face of a handsome rogue of a fel-  
low; and Nellie's brows were wrinkled  
up there, with a sad and very doubting  
expression.

Handsome is that handsome does.  
Julian Raymond was never handsome in  
his eye," said Floy.

A great blow had fallen upon the Mar-  
stons. Nellie had had a beau, a real bona  
side beau, in broadcloth and shiny boots.  
She had met him at a ball, and from that  
time—well, it's the silliest and most un-  
necessary thing in the world to attempt  
to repeat their love story, so I'll draw  
the line here.

He won the affections of the entire  
family, and was treated like a man, and  
a brother, and a son.

And when parental hopes and youth-  
ful aspirations were at the highest pitch,  
there was a flash, an explosion, and lo!  
Julian Raymond was gone, and so was  
a thousand dollars worth or so of the  
family plate, and all Miss Nellie's and  
Miss Floy's pretty and valuable jewels.

Thus we find them in the rosy warmth  
of the parlor, waiting over their loss  
and sharing the disappointment and watch-  
ing for the coming of their wealthy New  
York cousin with mingled feelings of  
chagrin and pleasant anticipation.

After a little there was a sound of  
horses' feet in the street, and the nice  
family coupe drew up, and a white face  
looked anxiously out.

"Oh, there she is! There's Clara,"  
and the crochets were set down on the  
carpet, and the two girls flew to the door.  
It was a very gorgeous and very de-  
jected bundle that came slowly up the  
steps and suffered itself to be led or  
half borne into the parlor.

"Why Clara, dear! Why cousin!  
How ill you look! This is Nellie, your  
oldest cousin. I am Floy, and this is  
the chatty individual."

The white face turned around and  
evinced quite a degree of interest.  
"My, I thought you were at the State  
House. Clara told the story of the two saucy  
girls."

"How horrible!"  
"And I've been robbed!"  
"Robbed?"  
"Of all my money, my plain ring, and  
my watch and chain. Nellie, do you  
know George Ayer?"

"George Ayer? No!"  
"Isn't he Uncle Marston's nephew?"  
shrieked Clara.

"No! Papa has no nephews."  
Clara lifted her eyes in horror.

"Why, there he is. There's George  
Ayer," and the trembling hand pointed  
straight at the picture over the mantel.  
They laughed, and Nellie sat down in  
the nearest chair.

"That is Julian Raymond, and he  
carried off our plate and jewelry," said  
Floy.

"That is George Ayer, and he has  
stolen my watch and money," cried  
Clara. "How did he know me? He  
knew my name, and all about me."

"Yes, the rascal. He knew you were  
expected on the 10th, and that you had  
lots of money."

Clara groaned. He had promised to  
meet her at dinner when he handed her  
into the coupe, and after all, he was  
only a mean thief, who had let nothing  
for her money and valuables but a plain  
gold ring.

To cut a long story short, let me say  
that George Ayer, alias Julian Ray-  
mond, was never afterward seen.  
Neither were the jewels, the family  
plate, Miss Clara's watch and money, or  
that elegant solitary diamond. And  
when Clara held out her hand to Uncle  
Marston, asking, "How much is that  
ring worth?" and Uncle Marston re-  
plied, "About ten cents, my dear," she  
felt that insult had been added to injury,  
and that her burden of both was more  
than she could bear.

**Former Range of the Buffalo.**  
From numerous data cited in the last  
number of the American Naturalist, it  
would seem that the buffalo formerly  
ranged over nearly the whole of North  
America. Cortez found a specimen in  
1521, which had been brought from the  
country north of the river Gila, where  
herds of them were found. Lawson,  
whose works were published in London  
in 1700, speaks of two buffaloes that  
were killed on Cape Fear river, in North  
Carolina. Schoolcraft says that the  
city of Buffalo perpetuates the tradition  
of the former existence of the buffalo  
near Lake Erie. Charlevoix, writing in  
1721, from the site where Detroit now  
stands, says: "At the end of five  
or six leagues, inclining towards Lake  
Erie, one sees vast meadows which feed  
a prodigious number of these cattle."  
There is no evidence to show that this  
gigantic animal was once plentiful on the  
Kanawha river, in Virginia. Audubon  
states that in his boyhood "buffaloes  
roamed over the small prairies of Illinois,  
and herds of them stalked through the  
open woods of Kentucky and Tennessee."

General Jesuit, from the writing of the  
early Jesuit explorers, seemed to have  
been the paradise of the buffalo. Herds  
of the beast have recently been found  
in the Quaternary clay in Gardiner,  
Maine, while their remains have been  
found very far north in British Amer-  
ica.

That the bones of these animals are  
not common anywhere in the vast re-  
gions over which they once roved is not  
surprising.

remarkable. Lyell has beautifully said:  
"Instead of its being part of the plan of  
nature to store its enduring records of a  
large number of the individual plants  
and animals which have lived on the  
surface, it seems to be her chief care to  
provide the means of disconcerting the  
habitable record lying above and below  
the water of those myriads of the solid  
skeletons of animals, and those massive  
trunks of trees, which would otherwise  
choke up every river and fill every val-  
ley. To prevent this inconvenience, she  
employs the heat of the sun and mois-  
ture of the atmosphere, the dissolving  
power of carbonic and other acids, the  
grinding teeth and gastric juices of  
quadrupeds, reptiles and fish, and the  
agency of the invertebrates."

**Mark Twain as Editor-in-Chief.**  
Mark Twain, in his new volume,  
"Roughing It," gives his experience as  
local editor of the Virginia City (Ne-  
vada) Daily Enterprise, and incidentally  
credits the "leading writer" of a daily  
journal in a manner as rare as it usually  
is deserved. In the case mentioned  
Mark had tired of his labor as local  
editor. He says:

"I wanted variety of some kind. It  
came. Mr. Goodman went away for a  
week and left me the post of chief editor.  
It destroyed me. The first day I  
wrote my leader in the forenoon. On the  
second day I had no subject, and put it  
off till the afternoon. The third day I  
put it off till evening, and then copied  
an elaborate editorial out of the Ameri-  
can Cyclopaedia, that steadfast friend of  
the editor all over the land. The fourth  
day I 'foiled around' till midnight, and  
then fell back on the Cyclopaedia again.  
The fifth day I cudgelled my brain till  
midnight, and then kept the press wait-  
ing while I rummaged some editor pro-  
nounced on six different people. The  
sixth day I labored in anguish till far  
into the night, and brought forth—  
nothing. The paper went to press with-  
out an editorial. The seventh day I  
resigned. On the eighth Mr. Goodman  
returned and found six duels on his  
hands—my personalities had borne  
fruit. Nobody, except he has tried it,  
knows what it is to be an editor. It is  
easy to scribble local rubbish, with the  
facts all before you; it is easy to clip  
selections from other papers; it is easy to  
string out a correspondence from any  
locality; but it is an unspeakable hard-  
ship to write editorials—subjects are the  
troublesome—the dreary lack of them I  
mean. Every day it is a drag, drag,  
drag—think and worry and suffer—all  
the world is a dull blank; and yet the  
editorial column must be filled. Only  
give the editor a subject, and his work is  
done—it is no trouble to write it up; but  
fancy how you would feel if you had to  
pump your brains dry every day in the  
week, fifty-two weeks in the year. It  
makes one low-spirited simply to think of  
it. The matter that each editor of a  
daily paper in America writes in the  
course of a year would fill from four to  
eight bulky volumes like this book.

Fancy what a library an editor's  
work would make after twenty or  
thirty years' service. Yet people  
often marvel that Dickens, Scott,  
Bulwer, Dumas, etc., have been able  
to produce so many books. If these au-  
thors had wrought as voluminously as  
newspaper editors do, the result would  
be something to marvel at indeed. How  
editorial columns must be filled! Only  
brain-fiber for their work is creative,  
and not a mere mechanical laying up of  
facts, like reporting, day after day, year  
after year, is incomprehensible. Pre-  
achers take two months' holiday in  
midsummer, for they find that to pro-  
duce two sermons a week is wearying in  
the long run. In truth it must be so;  
and, therefore, how an editor can take  
more than ten or twelve days' holiday  
from ten to twenty painstaking edito-  
rials a week, and keep it up for all the  
year round, is further beyond com-  
prehension than ever. Ever since I sur-  
vived my week as editor I have found at  
least one pleasure in any newspaper that  
comes to my hand; it is in admiring the  
long columns of editorials, and wonder-  
ing to myself how in the mischief he  
did it."

**General Harrison's Watch.**  
From the New Albany Ledger.  
About seventy years ago, General  
William Henry Harrison, while in camp  
with his troops on what is called the  
"Governor's Trace," at a point ten  
miles north of Jasper, Dubois county,  
lost his watch. It was one of the old  
style, double cased silver watches, such  
as the most of our readers will remem-  
ber having seen in the possession of their  
grandfathers many years ago. The out-  
side case of this watch was found in  
1818, and the inner case was found about  
twenty years ago. The remaining por-  
tion, or what remains of it, was found  
in 1868, by Colonel Basil B. Edmonston,  
clerk of Dubois county, and was by him  
forwarded to Indianapolis to be placed  
in the cabinet of relics in the State  
House. The portion found by Colonel  
Edmonston consists of the upper and  
lower plates which constitute the frame  
of the works, and the brass cap. Noth-  
ing remains of the works but the "har-  
rel" and "fuse," the latter much rusted.  
All the rest has been eaten up by  
rust. The upper plate bears the in-  
scription, "Leslie and Price, Philadel-  
phia, No. 78."

**The Clock of Sans Souci.**  
It is related of Frederick the Great,  
of Prussia, that in going through the  
reception room of his palace at Sans  
Souci, he encountered a workman, who  
busied himself to get on top of a ladder  
to take down a clock from the wall, but  
owing to the smoothness of the marble  
floor the ladder could not be kept firm.  
"What art thou doing here, man?" in-  
quired the King. "I am a watch-  
maker," answered the workman, "and I  
have received orders from the superin-  
tendent of the palace to repair this  
clock. I have been trying to take it  
down, but cannot succeed, as the ladder  
does not stand firm." "Ascend the lad-  
der," said the King, "and I will hold it  
while you are at work." This done, the  
workman departed with the clock. On  
the following morning the King was in-  
formed that the clock of the reception  
room had been stolen. No sooner had  
his Majesty heard this, when he found to  
his chagrin that instead, as he believed,  
of assisting a watchmaker, he had been  
made the dupe of a thief. The King at  
once issued an order saying: "Let him  
run. I have been an accomplice to the  
theft."

**March, 1872. SPRING TRADE. March, 1872.**  
**HILL, TERRY & MITCHELL,**  
329 MAIN STREET. . . . . MEMPHIS, TENN.

Are now ready for MERCHANTS (only) with the largest and best stock of  
**Boots, Shoes, Hats and Straw Goods,**  
Suitable for Men, Women and Children's wear, ever brought to our city.

**LOTTERY.**  
**PUBLICATION.**  
**THE**  
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Ninety-Two Acres.

**BY VIRTUE OF A DEED OF TRUST**  
made to me by H. W. Loving, dated Feb-  
ruary 14, 1871, and recorded in Register's  
office of Shelby county, Tenn., and by said  
deed to secure certain indebtedness  
therein described, and which is due and un-  
paid, I will, as trustee, sell, at public sale,  
on  
Thursday, 28th day of March, 1872,  
between the hours of 11 and 12 a.m., at the  
court-house corner of Madison and Main streets,  
Memphis, Tenn., proceed to sell for cash, to  
the highest bidder, the following lot or parcel  
of land, lying in the county of Shelby and  
State of Tennessee, in District No. 12, being  
the northeast part of the east half of section  
two (2), township one (1), range seven (7),  
containing one hundred and ninety-two  
(192) acres, the said one hundred and  
ninety-two (192) acres of land being the same  
which was attached and advertised to S. W.  
Boyer and Susan A., his wife, in a division  
of the land given by Isaac Wilborn in his will  
to the said S. W. Boyer and wife and one W. H.  
Allen, between them and said Allen, by com-  
missioners appointed by the County Court of  
Shelby county aforesaid, and the same tract  
of land conveyed to said S. W. Boyer and  
Susan A., his wife, by H. B. Wilborn, and  
C. Wilborn, executors of said Isaac Wilborn's  
will, and testament of said Isaac Wilborn, de-  
ceased, by their deed of date the 25th day of Novem-  
ber, 1868.

The right of redemption is waived in said  
trust deed, and the title to the property is be-  
lieved to good, the I convey only as Trustee.  
JOHN C. LANIER, Trustee.  
Office 290 Second street,  
February 26, 1872. 15-1d

**SEALED PROPOSALS.**  
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ceived at the Chamber of Commerce,  
Memphis, until the 10th inst., for grading,  
grading, bridging, and laying out the  
location of the road-bed for one mile of the  
Shelby County Turnpike, commencing at  
McLean avenue, and terminating east of  
said one mile. Specifications will be made  
known by application to H. A. Montgomery,  
Superintendent of the road.  
JOHN TROUSDALE, Secretary.  
March 6, 1872. 6-11

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